

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funeral.

Ham. I prethee doe not mock me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funeral bak't meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,

Would I had met my dearest foe in Heauen

Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,

My father me thinkes I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eie *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentiu eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This maruaille to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at point, exactly *Cap a pea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walke
By their opprest and feare surprized eies,
Within this trinnchions length, whilst they distill'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,

These

Prince of Denmark

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme.

Ham. Did you not speake to me?

Hora. My Lord, I did,

But answer made it none, yet on

It lifted vp its head and did addre

It selfe to motion, like as it woul

But euen then the morning Cock

And at the sound it shrunk in ha

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis verie strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor

And we did thinke it writ downe

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed sirs but this trou

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to fo

Ham. Then saw you not his fa

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wor

Ham. What look't he frowning

Hora. A countenance more in

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay verie pale.

Ham. And fixt his eies vpon y

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene the

Hora. It would haue much am

Ham. Verie like: staid it long

Hora. While one with moder

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisseld

Hora. It was as I haue seene i

A sable siluer'd.